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IN A SOCIETY WHERE MUTANTS AND FORMER MUTANTS ALIKE FEEL THREATENED BY THE WORLD AROUND THEM, THEY TURN TO THEIR FIRST, BEST LINE OF DEFENSE WHENEVER TROUBLE ARISES: X-FACTOR, THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGENCY FOUNDED BY MADROX, THE MULTIPLE MAN.

X-FACTOR

WHAT HAPPENED LAST ISSUE: MADROX HAS BEEN WHISKED AWAY INTO THE FUTURE BY THE NOW ADULT LAYLA MILLER (SHE'S ABOUT TWENTY-ONE, IN CASE YOU WERE WONDERING) AND HAULED INTO THE WANING DAYS OF THE SUMMERS REBELLION, FINDING HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH RUBY SUMMERS, OFFSPRING OF SCOTT SUMMERS, A.K.A. CYCLOPS (AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW.) MEANWHILE XF INVESTIGATIONS, IN ADDITION TO DOING ASSORTED JOBS FOR VAL COOPER OF O*N*E, HAS BEEN HIRED BY A FRIGHTENED FORMER MUTANT NAMED LENORE WHO IS CONVINCED THAT SOMEONE IS TRYING TO KILL HER. LONGSHOT HAS BEEN DISPATCHED TO GUARD HER.

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT ISSUE: THE TIME SHIFT SLINGSHOTS IN REVERSE AND MADROX, TRAPPED IN THE 1930S, WINDS UP ACCIDENTALLY BECOMING HIS OWN GRANDFATHER. SIRYN AND MONET DECLARE THEIR SECRET LOVE FOR EACH OTHER, AND GUIDO WAKES UP TO DISCOVER LILA IN THE SHOWER. FEEL FREE TO TELL THAT TO EVERYONE ON THE INTERNET.

PETER DAVID
WRITER

VALENTINE DE LANDRO & MARCO SANTUCCI
PENCILER

PAT DAVIDSON, MARCO SANTUCCI, PATRICK PIAZZALUNGA & CRAIG YEUNG
INKERS

JEROMY COX
COLORIST

DAVID YARDIN WITH NATHAN FAIRBAIRN
COVER

VC'S CORY PETIT
LETTERER

JODY LEHEUP
ASSISTANT EDITOR

JOHN BARBER
EDITOR

JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

ALAN FINE
EXEC. PRODUCER

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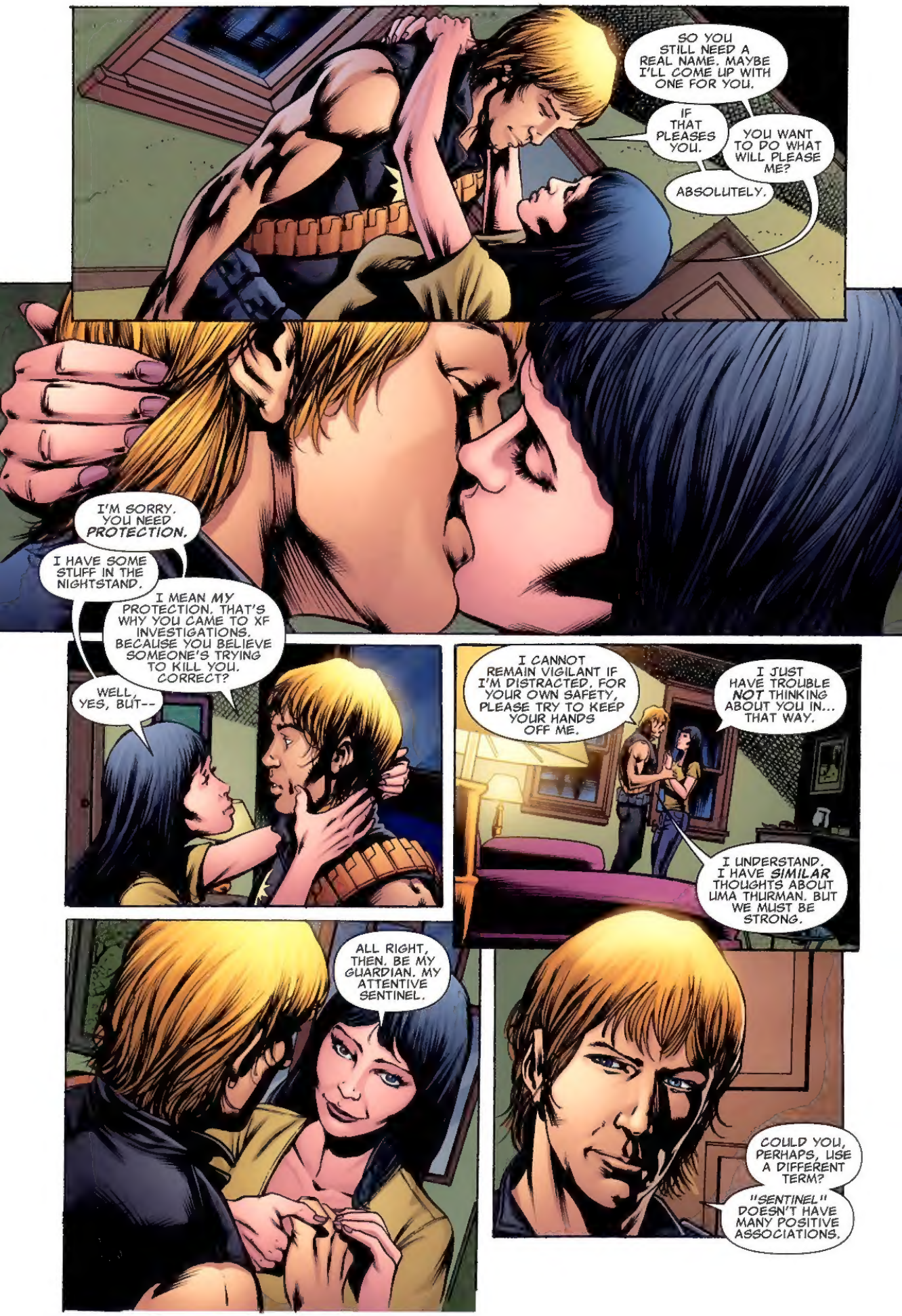
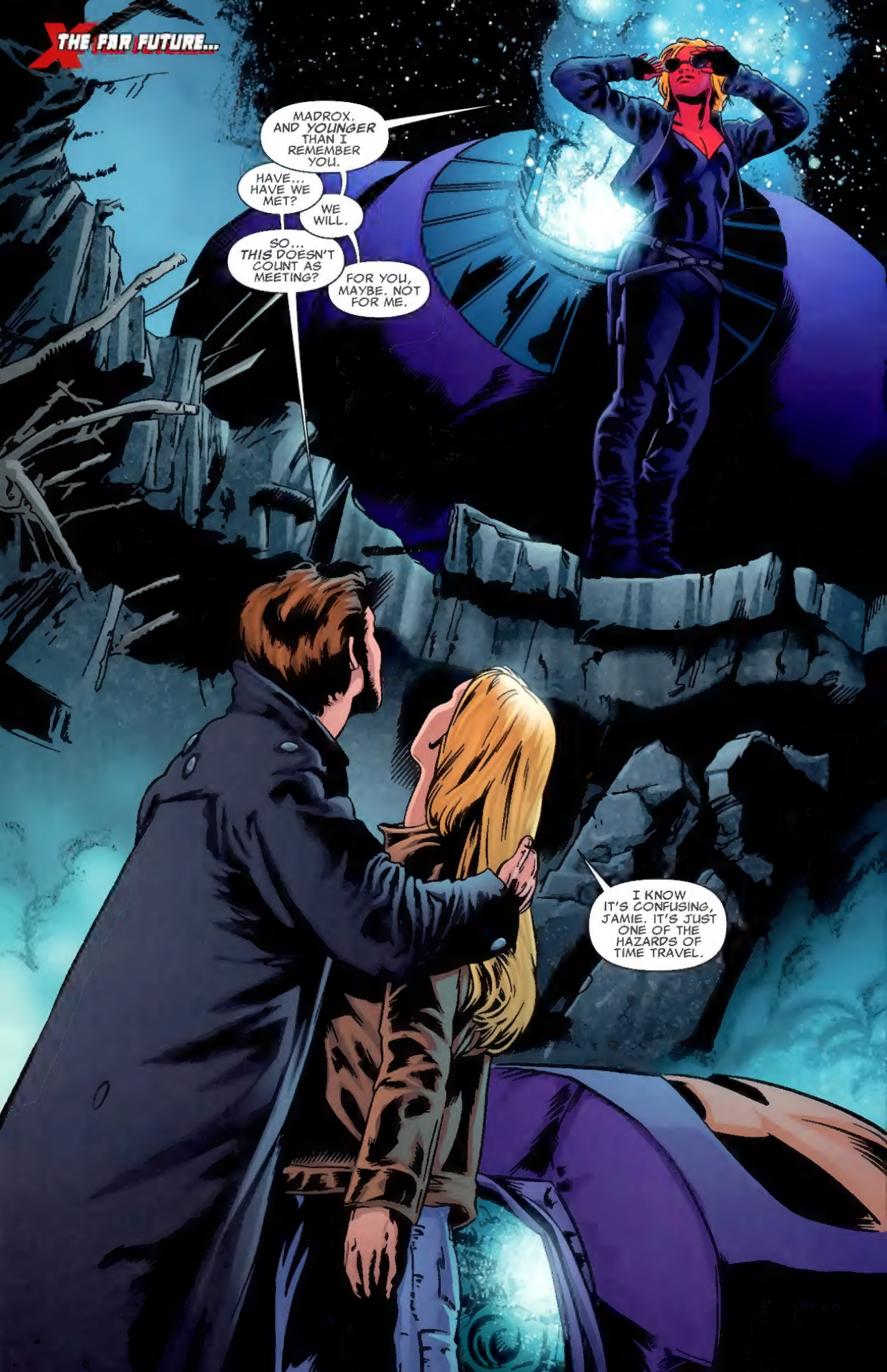
X DETROIT...
HOLY CRAP. HEY! HEY, THERESA! CHECK IT OUT!
SO HELP ME, RICTOR, IF THIS IS ANOTHER OF THOSE STUPID "I HAZ A CHEESEBURGER" KITTEN THINGS--
A PRIEST IN NEW ENGLAND GOT INTO A SHOOTING INCIDENT WITH SOME GUY. IT'S ON THE WIRE SERVICES.
PRIEST OKAY?
SO?
SO CHECK OUT THE PADRE'S PICTURE.
YEAH, AND THE SHOOTER'S DEAD. KILLED HIMSELF.
WASSUP?
SY? WHAT'S--?

WHOAAAAA...
IZZAT...?
IT IS! MADROX! WHAT'S HE DOIN' PRETENDIN' TO BE A PRIEST--?
NOT PRETENDING. ARTICLE SAYS "THE REVEREND JOHN MADDOX" HAS BEEN THERE FOR YEARS.
GOTTA BE A DUPE, ONLY ANSWER.
YA THINK MADROX IS CONNECTED SOMEHOW--?
EVEN IF IT IS, IT'S NOT OUR CONCERN.
BUT, SY--
THERE'S NO CLIENT, NO CASE. FIND SOMETHING ELSE TO KEEP YOU BUSY.
SO...
ROAD TRIP?
I'M IN.

THIS IS A LOVELY APARTMENT YOU HAVE, LENORE.
DO YOU REALLY THINK SO?
NOT REALLY, NO. IT'S TOTALLY DISORGANIZED, THERE'S A LAYER OF DUST AN INCH THICK, AND SOMETHING'S GROWING IN THE REFRIGERATOR THAT COULD JOIN THE X-MEN.
YOU KNOW, IF ANOTHER GUY SAID STUFF LIKE THAT, I'D PUNCH HIM.
BUT FROM YOU, IT SOUNDS SO--I DUNNO-- *CHARMING.*
IT'S A KNACK.
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
LONGSHOT.
NO, I MEAN YOUR REAL NAME. I FIGURE LONGSHOT IS, Y'KNOW, YOUR NOM DE GUERRE.
WHAT NAME WERE YOU ***BORN*** WITH?
I ***WASN'T*** BORN. I WAS GENETICALLY CONSTRUCTED.
EVERYONE IS GENETICALLY CONSTRUCTED.
REALLY? HUNH. APPARENTLY I'VE BEEN ***MISINFORMED.***


SO YOU STILL NEED A REAL NAME. MAYBE I'LL COME UP WITH ONE FOR YOU.
IF THAT PLEASES YOU.
YOU WANT TO DO WHAT WILL PLEASE ME?
ABSOLUTELY.
I'M SORRY. YOU NEED *PROTECTION.*
I HAVE SOME STUFF IN THE NIGHTSTAND.
I MEAN *MY* PROTECTION. THAT'S WHY YOU CAME TO XF INVESTIGATIONS. BECAUSE YOU BELIEVE SOMEONE'S TRYING TO KILL YOU. CORRECT?
WELL, YES, BUT--
I CANNOT REMAIN VIGILANT IF I'M DISTRACTED. FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY, PLEASE TRY TO KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF ME.
I JUST HAVE TROUBLE *NOT* THINKING ABOUT YOU IN... THAT WAY.
I UNDERSTAND. I HAVE *SIMILAR* THOUGHTS ABOUT UMA THURMAN. BUT WE MUST BE STRONG.
ALL RIGHT, THEN. BE MY GUARDIAN. MY ATTENTIVE SENTINEL.
COULD YOU, PERHAPS, USE A DIFFERENT TERM?
"SENTINEL" DOESN'T HAVE MANY POSITIVE ASSOCIATIONS.


THE FAR FUTURE...
MADROX. AND YOUNGER THAN I REMEMBER YOU.
HAVE... HAVE WE MET?
WE WILL.
SO... THIS DOESN'T COUNT AS MEETING?
FOR YOU, MAYBE. NOT FOR ME.
I KNOW IT'S CONFUSING, JAMIE. IT'S JUST ONE OF THE HAZARDS OF TIME TRAVEL.

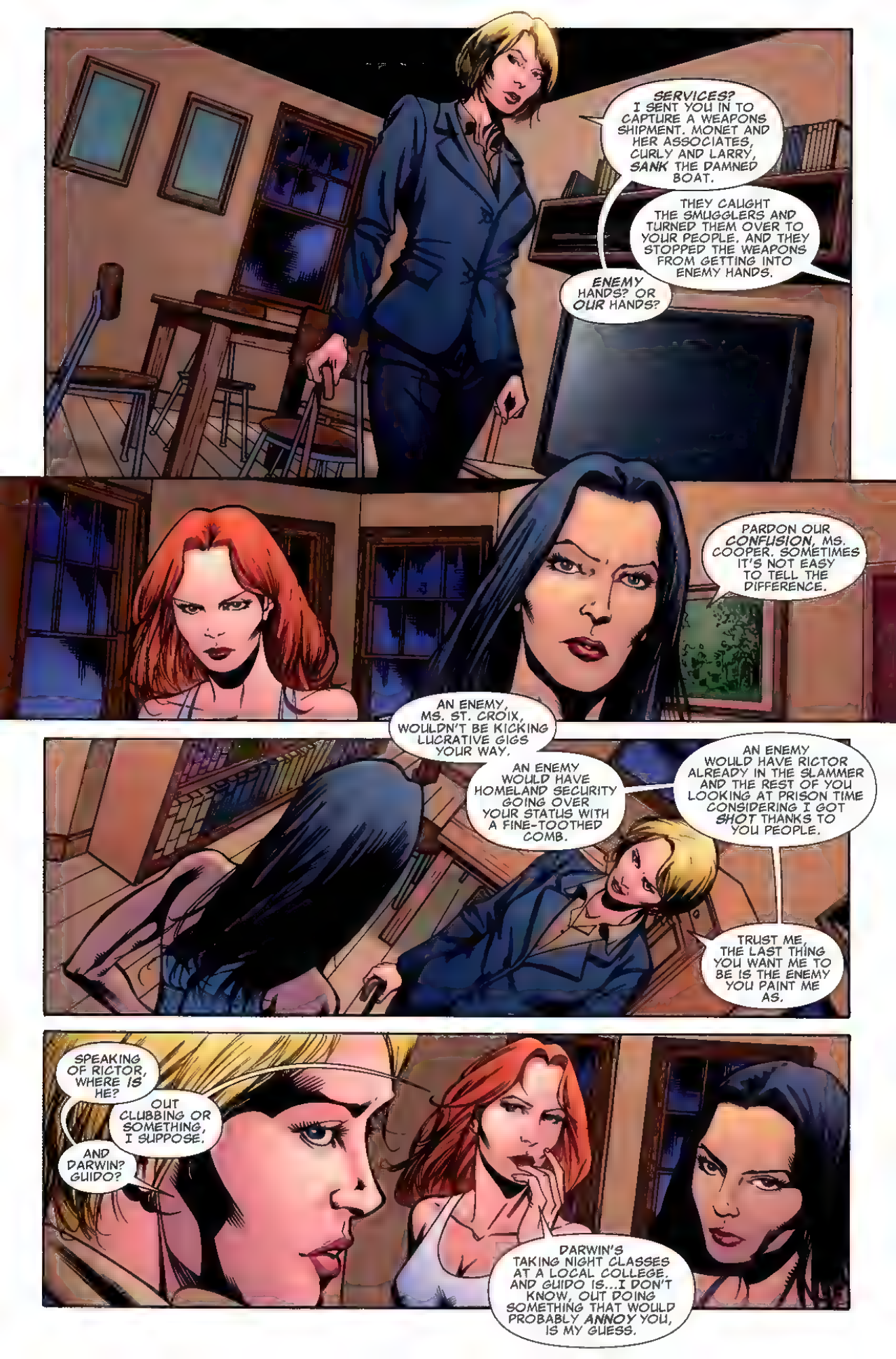
I...TIME-TRAVELED?
WELL... YES, WHAT DID YOU THINK HAPPENED?
I DON'T KNOW, LAYLA! FIVE MINUTES AGO I WAS ABOUT TO KILL MYSELF!
MAYBE I DID AND I SCREWED UP AND NOW I'M IN A COMA DREAMING ALL--
URKH...
SPLUUUUCH
DO YOU TYPICALLY VOMIT IN DREAMS? I'M BETTING YOU DON'T.
AND I'LL WAGER THE TASTE AND SMELL ARE WAY TOO AUTHENTIC FOR--
You win...
REMEMBER, I TOLD YOU IF YOU BARFED, I WOULDN'T THINK THE LESS OF Y--
How far...?
PARDON?

HOW FAR INTO--?
THE FUTURE?
YEAH.
EIGHTY YEARS.
MY GOD...
I'M SURE YOU HAVE A LOT OF QUESTIONS...
THE ONLY ONE I CAN FRAME RIGHT NOW IS, DO THEY STILL MAKE BREATH MINTS? 'CAUSE I COULD REALLY USE ONE.
"BREATH MINTS?" YOU'RE YANKED EIGHT DECADES FORWARD COURTESY OF A TIME-TRAVELING HOLOGRAM, AND THE BEST YOU CAN DO--?
GIVE ME A BREAK. MY BRAIN HASN'T CAUGHT UP TO MY BODY YET.
WHY WAS HE WORTH THIS EFFORT AGAIN?
WAIT. YOU SAID...RUBY... SUMMERS? ARE YOU RELATED TO--?
SCOTT?
I WAS GONNA SAY "BUFFY," BUT OKAY...
JAMIE, LISTEN CAREFULLY. YOU KNOW THE WAY YOU USUALLY ARE WITH PEOPLE?
YEAH?
BE A DIFFERENT WAY.
GOT IT.

AND YOU, LAYLA! HOW COULD YOU HAVE--?
DAMMIT, WE *TALKED* ABOUT THIS! WHEN WE FOUND OUT ABOUT THIS LAB, WE TALKED ABOUT YOU *NOT* DOING THIS *VERY THING!*
IF I HADN'T SHOWN UP WHEN I DID, YOU'D BE AS DEAD AS THE IDIOTS WHO *HELPED* YOU IN THIS MISBEGOTTEN PROJECT!
YEAH. YOU'RE RELATED TO *CYCLOPS*, ALL RIGHT.
APPARENTLY JUDGMENTAL ARROGANCE IS A *GENETIC* TRAIT.
JAMIE, FOR *GOD'S* SAKE--
SORRY.
DID YOU JUST *INSULT* MY FATHER?
I DON'T KNOW. WHO'S YOUR FATH--?
WAIT... SCOTT'S YOUR... *FATHER?* NOT SOME DISTANT--?
GOOD LORD, HOW OLD *ARE* Y--?
INCOMING!

AS I TRY TO AVOID GETTING KILLED, I KEEP THINKING HOW ONLY MINUTES AGO, I WAS READY TO KILL MYSELF.
I FELT I HAD NOTHING MORE TO LIVE FOR.
NOW LAYLA'S HERE-- I'M HERE, WHEREVER "HERE" IS--SENTINELS ARE HERE...
...AND I'M FIGHTING FOR MY LIFE.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF THAT, OTHER THAN THAT WHEN LAYLA'S IN MY LIFE--
--I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I'M COMING OR GOING.
GOD, I'VE MISSED THAT FEELING.
I MISS IT ALMOST AS MUCH AS SLEEPING. FEEL LIKE I HAVEN'T SLEPT IN A MONTH.

ZZZZZZ...
THERESA.
MMMMFFFF...
THERESA...
Monet...?
YES.
Am I in bed? And...are you *with* me? Because if so, that's a little disturbing.
VAL COOPER IS HERE.
SAINTS, DOESN'T THAT WOMAN KNOW HOW TO PICK UP A BLOODY *TELEPHONE*?
APPARENTLY NOT.
I'LL GIVE YOU A THOUSAND BUCKS IF *YOU* DEAL WITH HER.
SHE ASKED FOR YOU, I'M RICH, AND YOU DON'T *HAVE* A THOUSAND BUCKS.
I HATE *EVERYBODY* RIGHT NOW, WHICH I GUESS MEANS I'M TURNING INTO YOU.
I DON'T *HATE* EVERYBODY. I THINK I'M *BETTER* THAN EVERYBODY. IT'S COMPLETELY *DIFFERENT*.
HELLO, VAL.
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO COME IN *PERSON* TO PAY US FOR OUR SERVICES. A CHECK IN THE MAIL WOULD HAVE SUFFICED.


SERVICES? I SENT YOU IN TO CAPTURE A WEAPONS SHIPMENT. MONET AND HER ASSOCIATES, CURLY AND LARRY, SANK THE DAMNED BOAT.
THEY CAUGHT THE SMUGGLERS AND TURNED THEM OVER TO YOUR PEOPLE. AND THEY STOPPED THE WEAPONS FROM GETTING INTO ENEMY HANDS.
ENEMY HANDS? OR OUR HANDS?
PARDON OUR CONFUSION, MS. COOPER. SOMETIMES IT'S NOT EASY TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE.
AN ENEMY, MS. ST. CROIX, WOULDN'T BE KICKING LUCRATIVE GIGS YOUR WAY.
AN ENEMY WOULD HAVE HOMELAND SECURITY GOING OVER YOUR STATUS WITH A FINE-TOOTHED COMB.
AN ENEMY WOULD HAVE RICTOR ALREADY IN THE SLAMMER AND THE REST OF YOU LOOKING AT PRISON TIME CONSIDERING I GOT SHOT THANKS TO YOU PEOPLE.
TRUST ME, THE LAST THING YOU WANT ME TO BE IS THE ENEMY YOU PAINT ME AS.
SPEAKING OF RICTOR, WHERE IS HE?
OUT CLUBBING OR SOMETHING, I SUPPOSE.
AND DARWIN? GUIDO?
DARWIN'S TAKING NIGHT CLASSES AT A LOCAL COLLEGE. AND GUIDO IS...I DON'T KNOW, OUT DOING SOMETHING THAT WOULD PROBABLY ANNOY YOU, IS MY GUESS.

GOTTA ADMIT, RIC...I'M A LITTLE SURPRISED YOU WANTED T'COME ALONG. I MEAN--
LAST I CHECKED, YOU AIN'T EXACTLY MADROX'S BIGGEST FAN.
I'M STILL NOT.
THEN HOW COME--?
IT'S NOT LIKE I GOT MUCH BETTER TO DO, IS ALL.
RIC... ARE YOU, Y'KNOW... OKAY?
WHY WOULDN'T I BE?
HELL, I DUNNO. MEBBE BECAUSE A MONTH AGO YOU CHALLENGED A WHOLE SQUAD OF FEDS TO A SHOOT-OUT.
UH-HUH. RIC--
JUST TRYING TO PROTECT TERRY.
HAVE YA EVER HEARD OF "SUICIDE BY COP?"
I SAID--
I HEARD YOU.
SO? HAVE YA?
JUST DRIVE, CAROSELLA.
YEAH, OKAY

BACK OFF, SLABS!
MUTANT IDENTIFIED AS RUBY SUMMERS. FORCE BEAMS REQUIRE NINETY-THREE SECONDS TO REGENERATE.
SUBJECT VULNERABLE DURING THAT TIME.

SHWAZZAAK
UNHHHHH...
IS THAT... ALL YOU GOT...?
IT IS ALL THAT WILL BE REQUIRED.
RUBY! GET CLEAR!
MUTANT IDENTIFIED AS JAMES MADROX. NO SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH OR DESTRUCTIVE CAPABILITIES. CONCLUSION: NO THREAT.
YEAH, I'M PRETTY MUCH NOTHING ON MY OWN.
FORTUNATELY...

I HAVE A LOT OF COMPANY!
THIS IS A HAIL MARY PASS, NOTHING MORE. EVEN AN ENTIRE SWARM OF ARMY ANTS ARE STILL JUST ANTS.
BUT I CAN'T JUST STAND BY. FOR THE PAST MONTH, I'VE HAD NOTHING WORTH LIVING FOR. NOTHING WORTH FIGHTING FOR
I NEVER THOUGHT THERE WAS MUCH DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A GOOD DEATH AND A BAD DEATH. EITHER WAY, YOU'RE DEAD.
AND NOW..
NOW I'M STARTING TO THINK I WAS WRONG.

IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS, THOUGH, WITH LAYLA COUNTING ON ME, AND THE SENTINEL JOLTING MY DUPES WITH ENOUGH VOLTAGE TO DROP A HERD OF RHINOS, DEATH ISN'T MY FIRST PREFERENCE.
TOO BAD THIS ISN'T A MULTIPLE-CHOICE FIGHT.
REITERATION: MUTANT POSES NO SUBSTANTIVE THREAT.
YEAH? REALLY?

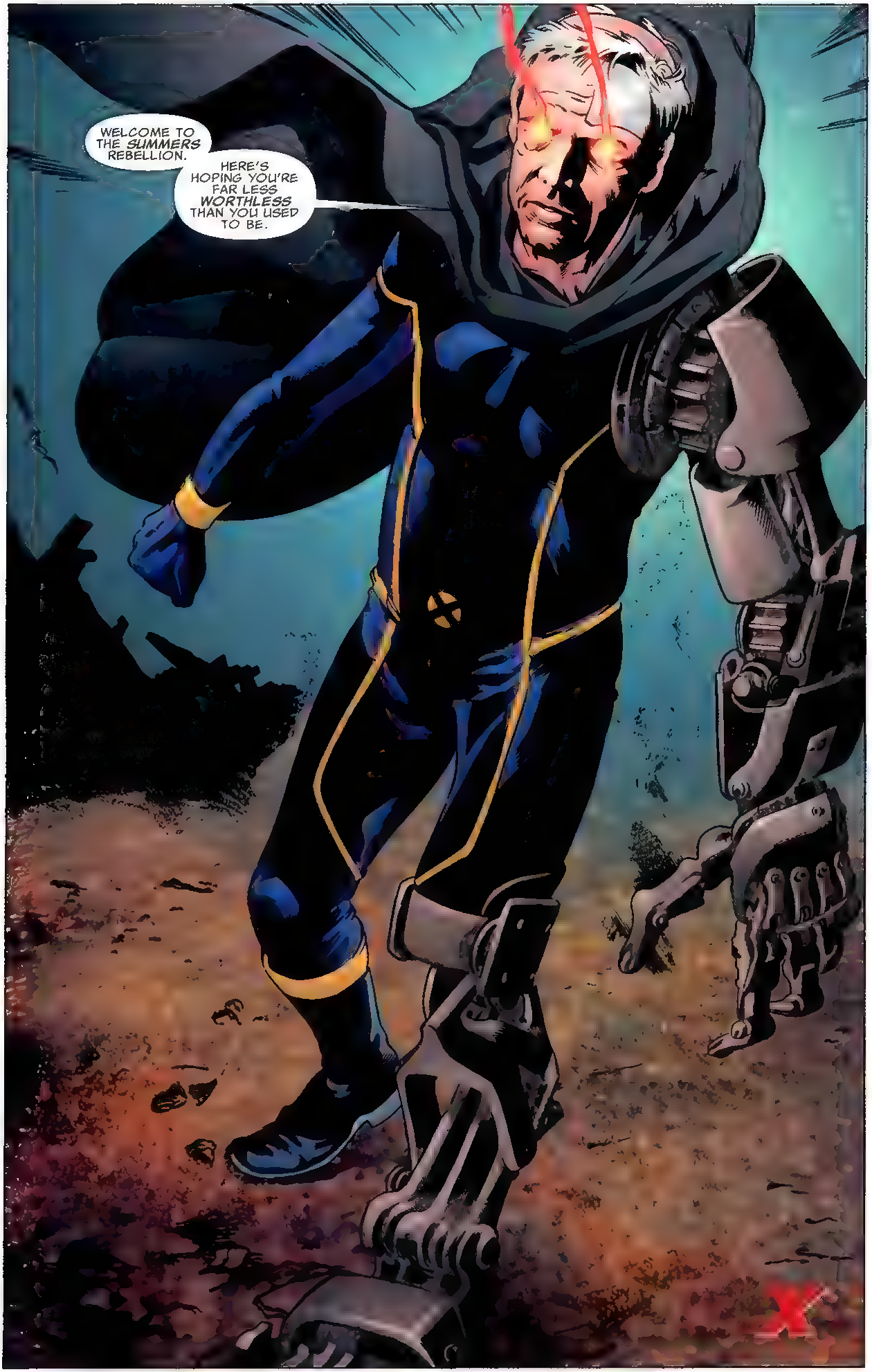
HOW ABOUT ME?
DO I PRESENT A NUKIN' THREAT!?
GOOD TIMING, DAEMON!
YOU DON'T SOUND SURPRISED THAT HE'S HERE.
AM I EVER?
WHO'S THAT GUY?
HELLO? I SAID WHO'S THAT GUY?
HE'S DAEMON. BODY'S ALWAYS ON FIRE.
CONTROLS HIS AGONY THROUGH MEDICATION.
UHM... OKAY. AND YOU ARE...?
HECAT'E. AND WE'RE LEAVING.
RIGHT NOW.

BZZZT
LONGSHOT?
SOMETHING'S BUZZING.
IT'S THE FRONT DOOR BUZZER. SOMEONE'S RINGING TO GET UP HERE.
DO YOU HAVE A ROOMMATE?
NO.
SO IT COULD BE SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO KILL YOU.
HELLO--?
LENORE? IT'S MOM.
YOU WERE RIGHT.
EXCEPT SHE'S DOING IT VERY, VERRRRRY SLOWLY.
C'MON UP, MOM.

MOM, WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE? YOU NEVER WANDER OUT THIS TIME OF--
MOM! WHAT'RE YOU--!?
LENORE!
BLAM!

NO! I--I WASN'T FAST ENOUGH!
YES! I MADE IT!

HEC! WHERE ARE YOU?!?
RIGHT HERE.
WHEW. LOST YOU FOR A MOMENT.
WELL, WHEN YOU CAUSE LOCALIZED BLACKOUTS, THAT KIND OF THING WILL HAPPEN...
HEADS UP!
FWAZAAM
WELL, WELL. JAMIE MADROX.
YOU LOOK LIKE CRAP, SON. LIKE FIVE MILES OF BAD ROAD.


WELCOME TO THE SUMMERS REBELLION.
HERE'S HOPING YOU'RE FAR LESS WORTHLESS THAN YOU USED TO BE.

WILL WOLVERINE'S SON
UNDERGO THE WEAPON X PROCEDURE?

WOLVERINE

ORIGINS ISSUE #36

MARVEL

DARK REIGN

MAY 2009

THERE'S A BULLSEYE ON THE MERC WITH A MOUTH!
DEADPOOL #10
DANIEL WAY • PACO MEDINA
DARK REIGN
70 YEARS MARVEL COMICS
MAY 2009

HE LOST. THEY WON.
ACCEPT CHANGE
DARK REIGN
HAS BEGUN
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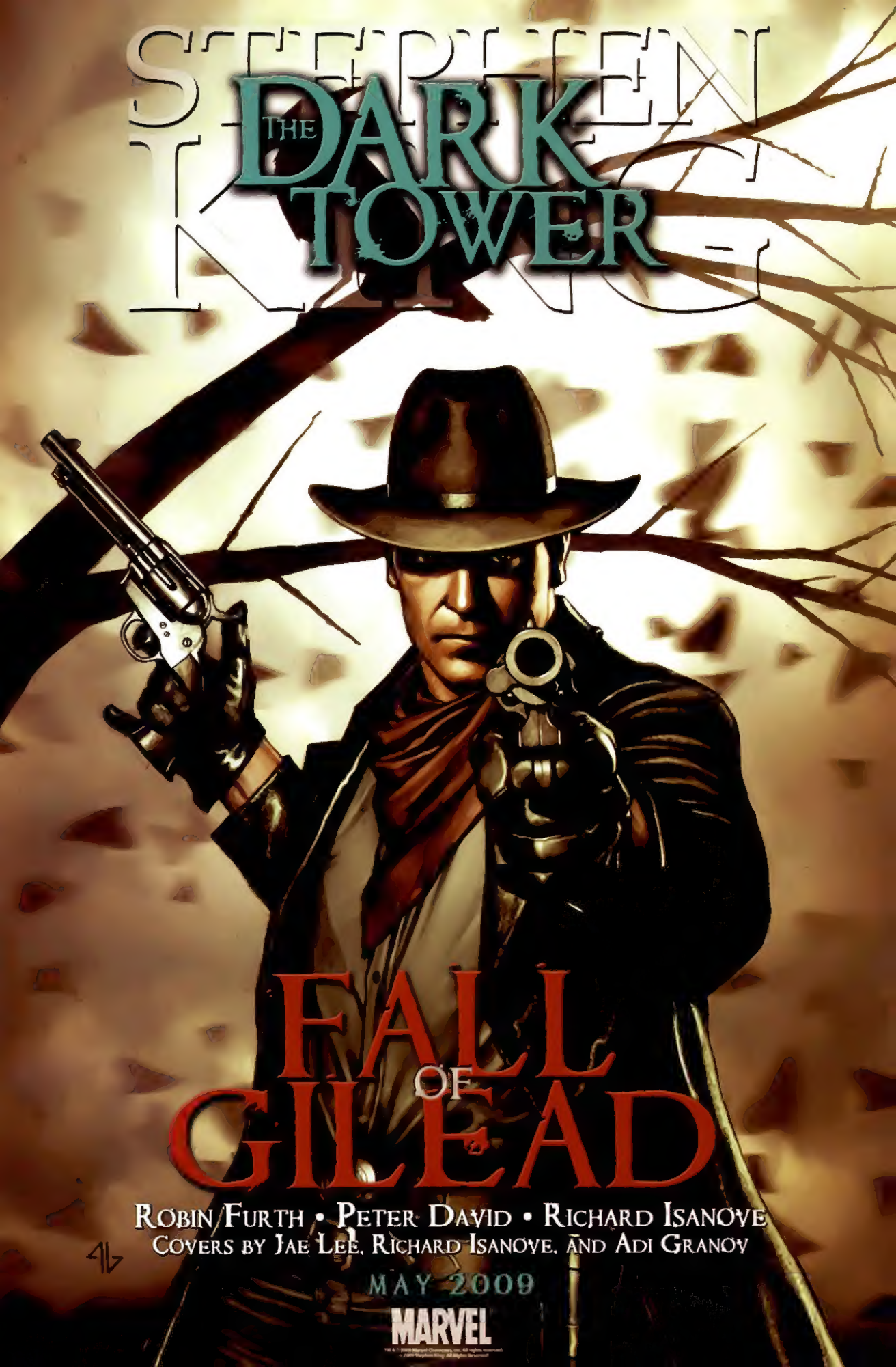
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FALL OF GILEAD
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